

FISHER-STOKELY NUPTIALS THE EVENT OF THE YEAR

The laughing guests have come and gone—

I walked as in a dream!
Was it my hand, my needle, mine
That sewed the silken seam?

She grew so graceful, slim and tall,
So sweet and maiden-wise:
Yet still for me the child-heart looked,
From out her wondering eyes.
They say it was the Wedding March
I heard the players play!
"My little girl! My little girl!"
Was all my heart could say.

A beautiful wedding of wide spread interest, and one in which many friends centered, was that of Miss Fanny Stokely and Mr. Frederick Senft Fisher which was brilliantly solemnized last Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at the First Baptist Church.

The decorations of the church were elaborate and very artistic. The altar was banked with many lovely ferns and palms and the apple blossoms and dog wood gave the masses of green a finishing touch. Jackson vine hung gracefully here and there and the whole effect was beautiful.

Long before the appointed hour for the ceremony the church was filled with admiring friends and relatives of the popular young couple. Mrs. J. M. Jones, pianist and Mr. Ed. C. Burnett, violinist, rendered a delightful musical program before the ceremony, playing "Flower Song" by Lange and "Inter mezzo" by Cavalleria Rusticana. In a most pleasing voice, Miss Elizabeth Leekie of Washington, D. C. sang with effect, "Oh Promise Me."

To the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march the bridal party entered the church led by the bridesmaids and groomsmen. The bridesmaids were Miss Katherine Swann of Dandridge, Miss Julia Cannon of Knoxville and the Misses Eva Fisher and Carrie Lou Stokely of Newport. They wore exquisite white hand embroidered robes over pink messaline and trimmed in lace. Their hair was adorned with pink ribbon bandeaux. They carried clusters of pink carnations and asparagus fern.

The groomsmen were Messrs Charles Nelson, George Stokely, L. S. Allen of Newport and Tom Moore of Cleveland. Miss Anna Mae Stokely, sister of the bride, and the maid of honor, entered next. She was pretty in pink chiffon tissue over pink messaline, the bodice of which was trimmed with a fleche of lace and lovely roses made of the chiffon and messaline. She carried an arm cluster of white carnations and asparagus fern.

Preceding the bride were the little flower girls, Misses Florence Stokely of Birmingham, Ala., and Dorothy Fisher of Walland. They carried baskets of apple blossoms which they scattered in the path of the bride. They were dainty in white frocks with lace trimmings and pink ribbon.

The bride entered with her mother, Mrs. Anna R. Stokely, by whom she was given in marriage. She was lovely in her wedding robe of white charmeuse satin with the bodice and skirt draped in princess lace and caught with sprays of orange blossoms. She wore a magnificent crescent of diamonds, the gift of the groom. Her tulle veil was fastened to her hair with a bandeau of orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of valley lilies and orchids.

Mrs. Stokely, the mother, of the bride was beautiful in a gown of black and white chiffon over lavender messaline with trimmings of beaded bands. Completing the bridal party was Master John B. Stokely the ring bearer who was handsome in a white corduroy suit. He carried the ring in a carnation.

Following the ring bearer were the groom and his best man, Mr. A. J. Fisher of Walland.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. W. O'Hara.

During the ceremony, "Traumerei" by Schumann was softly played.

Immediately after the wedding ceremony the bridal party repaired to the home of Mrs. Anna R. Stokely in Eastport, where a reception was given for 150 invited guests. After an hour's participation in the reception the bride and groom slipped away for an automobile ride to Morristown where they arrived at 11 p. m. Their absence was soon detected but no one had any idea as to their destination.

The bride's going away gown was a smart blue tailored suit, with a handsome blue hump hat to match.

It developed that their ultimate destination for their honeymoon was a quiet nook out from Asheville where they will spend two weeks before returning to Newport to take up their residence. They will be at home at the J. W. Fisher home for the summer.

Mrs. Fisher is the youngest of a trio of charming daughters. She has a lovely disposition and has endeared herself to a large circle of friends.

Mr. Fisher is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fisher and holds a responsible position with the Unaka

Tanning Co., and is prominent both in social and business circles.

The Stokely home was thronged for the reception. The center of attraction was the display of wedding gifts, one room being completely filled with handsome and costly gifts, as evidence of the esteem in which the young people were held.

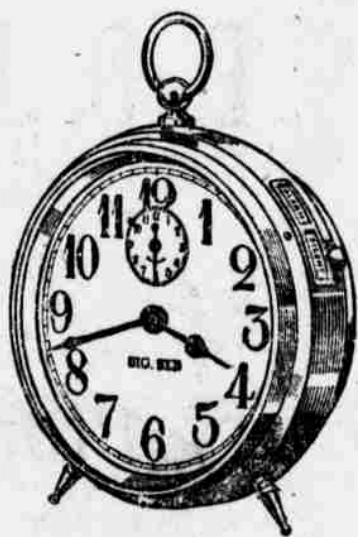
The bridal party and Mrs. J. W. Fisher, mother of the groom were in the receiving line at the reception. Mrs. Fisher wore gray crepe de chene over grey messaline, with a touch of lavender. The dining room was attractive, the table had a cluny lace centerpiece with a basket of sweet peas. Mr. H. F. Holt kept the wedding register.

There were many visitors here for the wedding, guests being present from Birmingham, Ala., Cleveland, Knoxville, Jefferson City, Morristown, Dandridge, Greenville and other points.

TAKING COLD

Taking cold is one of the commonest of unpleasant human experiences, and there is no ill that flesh is heir to for the relief of which so many and varied remedies are suggested, or nostrums recommended. A cold is one of the easiest things to take, but often one of the hardest to get rid of. The best time to cure a cold is in its incipency, for when it gets a good hold it has to run a course. The many people suffer severely from colds because they neglect the simple means of checking them at the outset.

Speaking of colds, and the checking of them at the start, we note a communication by Dr. Richard Ellis, a New York physician, in the Medical Record, in which he says, "When I feel a strong draft blowing on my bald head I always rub it hard; that brings the blood back, and to avoid taking cold." "He says that sneezing is always followed by a congestion of the face, especially when the sneeze is hearty, and that is nature's way of bringing the blood back." The doctor suggests that when the nasal mucous membrane is first congested and one feels that he is taking cold, let him bend forward, as in picking up a pin, strain gently till the face is red, and then in an erect position try to breathe through the practically stopped nostrils, this process to be repeated until the nostrils are fully open. This nasal congestion, he says, is the opening chorus to a cold, and the plan he proposes for ending the performance with the chorus he is convinced after three years' observation is efficacious. In addition he recommends hot drinks and exercise until the chilly feeling vanishes.



Big Ben
is not an alarm clock,
but a clock with an
alarm attachment.

That is, he does not
merely get you up on time,
but he keeps fine time, stays
on time and lasts a long
time.

The people that design
him can't begin to ship him
fast enough. My first lot
went in less than a week.
I've just received another
shipment and will place it
on display next Saturday
night.

Don't forget to pass by
the store and take a look
at them.

GLENN'S
Newport, Tenn.

DAIRY FARM AT BARGAIN

The farm described below is one of the many fine dairy farms in Loudon County, Tennessee, and is now paying a large percent not on the price asked for it, notwithstanding the fact that it is being operated by a tenant and not by the owner. This is just a sample of the many bargains we are offering at this time, so if you want a farm at a higher or lower price, advise us. We have bargains in nearly every county of East Tennessee, and several in other states.

No. 473. 326 Acres \$18,000

Contains 326 acres, about 25 acres in timber, 25 acres in wheat, 40 acres in winter oats, 45 acres in corn, 70 acres plowed for cow peas and soy beans, balance in pasture. Soil of a limestone formation with a red clay subsoil. Lays practically level and in good state of cultivation. Well fenced and well situated.

The improvements consist of one splendid six room cottage, practically new, well finished and well arranged, with water pumped to kitchen. One good tenant house, 2 good barns, water pumped to barn, and other outbuildings. All buildings in first class repair. The following personal property now on the place is included with the farm at the price quoted: 52 dairy cows and heifers, 5 good work mules, 22 head of hogs, 1000 bushels of corn, 1 full silo, about 15 tons of hay, about \$1000.00 worth of farm machinery and one gasoline engine.

This farm is located 3 miles from Philadelphia and about 4 miles from Sweetwater in Loudon County, Tennessee. Owing to circumstances which cannot be explained in this advertisement, the owner desires to effect an immediate sale, so is offering the property at an exceedingly reasonable figure. Price \$18,000.00 for farm and personal property. If a satisfactory cash payment is made, terms on balance can be arranged to suit the purchaser. Immediate possession can be given.

For sale exclusively by

Interstate Land Company
Bristol, Tenn.-Va.

"I was Crippled, could hardly walk and had to Crawl

down stairs at times on my hands and knees. My doctor told me I had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I was in the hospital for weeks, but was scarcely able to walk when I left it. I read about Dr. Miles' Nerveine

bought a bottle and began to get better from the start, and for the past six months I have had scarcely any pain and am able to walk as well as ever." J. H. SANDERS, P. O. box 5, Rockaway, N. J.

Few medicines are of any benefit for rheumatism, but Mr. Sanders tells plainly what Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerveine did for it. One ounce of salicylate of soda added to one bottle of Nerveine makes an excellent remedy for rheumatism, which is now known to be a nervous disease and therefore subject to the influence of a medicine that acts through the nerves, as does Dr. Miles' Nerveine

Sufferers from rheumatism seldom fail to find relief in the use of Dr. Miles' Nerveine, with salicylate of soda.

Sold under a guarantee that assures the return of the price of the first bottle if it fails to benefit. At all Druggists.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Shame on Him.

"Why are you weeping, Mrs. Tuttle-son?"
"My husband is so selfish."
"Why, I always supposed he was such a generous man."

"No, you have been deceived. He is the very personification of selfishness."

"Dear me! I'm so sorry. What has he done?"
"He told me this morning that he would give me one-third of his income to run the house with and then proposed that each of us should have one of the other two-thirds for personal use."

Difficult.

To think well of one's neighbor is rather hard to do. When, spite of all your labor, He won't think well of you.

Speaking in Time.

The Congressman's Wife—When will the Panama canal be formally opened, George?

The Congressman—Why, I don't know the exact date.

The Congressman's Wife—Well just keep in mind that I want fifty cards for the private view.—Puck.

Married Life the Third Year

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

"But you think she'll get enough air that way?" asked Helen anxiously, as she fastened down the perforated lid of the bandbox in which Pussy Purmew had been protestingly placed.

"Sure, ma'am, but I can make 'em larger if you want," and Della thrust the scissors into one of the holes.

"Oh, don't—don't! You might strike her! Wait, I'll do that!" taking the scissors from her. "Now, I've made it too large!" as a little pink nose appeared at the hole. "Oh, I do wish she wouldn't cry so," when with a pitious mew the pink nose appeared at another hole.

"She'll be all right, ma'am," reassured Della, slipping the shawl around the box and fastening it securely.

A few moments later Helen, carrying the bandbox with much care, was on her way to the exposition hall, where the cat show opened that day.

It was due to Mrs. Stevens' pleadings that Pussy Purmew was to be exhibited. She was one of the officers of a prominent club, and she insisted every time she called on Helen, that the kitten was a rarely fine silver Persian, and should be shown.

Helen had protested that she knew nothing of exhibiting kittens. But Mrs. Stevens had promised to make all the arrangements, enter her, prepare the cage, everything—if only Helen would allow her to be exhibited.

Mrs. Stevens was also to send after her. But this morning when the messenger boy came Helen was afraid to trust the kitten in his care and decided to take it herself.

But it was an embarrassing trip. Everybody in the cat stared at her curiously when from the bandbox came the sound of eager scratching and plaintive mews.

When she reached the hall Helen was bewildered by the long row of cages and the general confusion of the



Everybody in the Car Stared at Her.

place. Cats were being taken out of baskets and boxes, cages were being lined and decorated, and attendants were hurrying back and forth.

An official looking woman with a hand full of papers came rustling by. Helen stopped her with a timid:

"Can you tell me where I'll find cage 604?"

"Third isle—turn to your left."
"312" read the number on the cage at the end of the third isle. White blotting paper was on the bottom and a little red velvet cushion in one corner.

With some difficulty, Helen got Pussy Purmew into the cage. She was thoroughly frightened, and huddled back in the corner, with eyes dark with fear and big as saucers. Later Helen strolled around among the cages. There were long-haired, short-haired, silver, blue, white, black, orange, coon, Siamese, Manx and many other kinds of cats.

Many of the cages were gay with prize ribbons won at previous shows, and a silver cup was in the cage with one of the languid white haired beauties.

Helen went home full of interest and excitement. What if Pussy Purmew should win a prize? She was entered of course in the "Kitten class," and Helen had seen no other kitten that seemed superior.

As yet she had not told Warren. When Mrs. Stevens had first asked her to exhibit the kitten, Helen had spoken to him about it. He had only shrugged his shoulders with—

"Well, I should think you'd find a better way to spend your time. And that cat'll never get a prize. It's good enough for Winifred to maul around, but it won't stand a chance beside those show cats. Don't fool yourself about that."

And now Helen determined that if Pussy Purmew did not win a prize she would say nothing to Warren about having shown her. She would be back in three days and Warren would probably not miss her before then.

When she returned to the show, the kitten greeted her joyously, rubbing up against the bars of the cage, pleading as plainly as a kitten can plead to

be taken home. And then Helen saw pinned over the cage door a blue ribbon with "First Prize, Kitten Class," gold-lettered upon it.

The first prize! So pussy Purmew was a blue-ribbon cat! Helen could hardly restrain her delight. She had had no idea that the prizes would be awarded so soon.

"Mighty fine kitten you've got there, ma'am," said an attendant who was brushing around the cages, expectant of a tip.

"Oh, yes; isn't she a lovely kitten?" answered Helen proudly.

She could hardly wait until Warren came home that evening to tell him the wonderful news. Before he got his overcoat off she was out in the hall with an excited account of it all.

"And oh, you'll go with me tonight and see her—won't you dear?"

"Humph! A cat show is about the last thing I'd ever go to—but I suppose I'll have to in this case."

"Oh, then, let's hurry and get through dinner," eagerly. "I'm so anxious for you to see it all. Pussy Purmew looks so dear in her red velvet cage and there are so many wonderful kittens there."

"Now, look here, I said I'd go, but you needn't expect any enthusiasm. The proper place for cats is the cellar or the barn. It's these foolish women who haven't anything better to do who make a fuss over a lot of pampered cats."

But Helen was so glad that Warren would go that even this attitude did not dampen her ardor.

It was just 9 when they reached the exhibition hall. The poultry show was downstairs, and they entered amid a chorus of crowing roosters.

"Cats in the Concert hall!" read a large sign over the stairs.

Helen had seen this sign before, but it had not struck her as comical. But now Warren almost exploded.

"Cats in the Concert hall!" he roared. "That's a lovely sign!"

"Why, dear, I don't see anything very funny in that."

"You don't? You DON'T? Oh, well, you never had any sense of humor. 'Cats in the Concert hall!' I say that's RICH!"

"But, dear, what else COULD they say? This IS the Concert hall and the cats are here," said Helen seriously, still not seeing any humor in the sign. But just then Mrs. Stevens, sighted them and made her way over through the crowd.

"Oh, I am so glad you came," cordially shaking hands with Warren. "Your kitten is receiving all kinds of honors."

As she led the way towards Pussy Purmew's cage, she paused before that of a large pure white Persian cat with a cageful of prize ribbons and trophies.

"This is Prince Edward! I want you to see him. They say he's worth \$3,000."

"Three thousand dollars!" mused Warren. "Imagine \$3,000 walking along your back fence! It'd give me the cold shivers every time I'd see him disappearing over to the neighbor's yard."

"Oh, THESE cats never walk the back fence," laughed Mrs. Stevens.

"Well, I wouldn't trust them if they had the chance. The three-thousand-dollar and the alley brand are pretty much of the same kind of cat."

"Oh, here's Pussy Purmew!" exclaimed Helen. "Isn't she dear?" as the kitten rose and rubbed against the cage the moment she heard Helen's voice.

"Oh, you've got your collar all awry. There!" opening the cage door and adjusting the bow of red satin that adorned her neck. "You see, Warren," pointing proudly to the blue ribbon; "the first prize in the kitten class."

"And there were a great many kittens entered this year," said Mrs. Stevens. "But I knew all along she would win."

And Warren, manlike, when anything belonging to him is distinguished by some mark of merit, was now prompt to share the credit.

"Yes," patting the kitten condescendingly, "we've got a pretty decent cat here. Seems to have stood up pretty well against the others, didn't she?"

And Helen was too proud and too happy to mark the inconsistency.

Pastor Was Surprised.

The pastor of a church in this city went to call on one of his parishioners who lived in a single room in a clubhouse. He rapped on the door. There was no answer for a moment and then a rather suppressed voice said:

"Wait a minute. I can't let you in now—but wait a minute."

He waited. After what seemed several minutes he heard the voice again: "Now stand up close to the door, and when I open it come in as quickly as you can."

It was the pastor's first call, and he began to wonder what sort of Black Hand society or bombmaking club he was to visit. His worst fears seemed about to realize, for as the door was opened he was met by a streaming red light and an evil smell.

"Hurry," said the host, "or you'll spoil the plate. That lamp always smells like hell."

Then he glanced up and saw who the man was who had invaded his darkness.—Indianapolis News.

The Season.

"There are not so many talented people in the world, after all," said the pessimistic one.

"Perhaps," replied the optimist, "but just about now the majority are gifted."

The Result.

He—You will object to a telephone meter in the house, my dear.

She—Why will I?

He—Because it will check your flow of conversation.

JOHN HOUK GIVES WARNING

Two Men Will Be Responsible
For Robbery If Roosevelt Delegation Is Unseated.

Nashville, Tenn., April 30.—John C. Houk, Senator from Knox County says that if Roosevelt is robbed May 14, two men, and only two men, at the State convention in this State will be responsible for it. "The people know them," says the Roosevelt leader, "and it is unnecessary to name them."

For the first time in several weeks Senator Houk yesterday unlimbered his guns on the officeholders and the enemies of Mr. Roosevelt with telling effect. Senator Houk lays down four propositions that he calls "plain," relative to the Republican situation, one of which is that two men in Tennessee control the Republican State Committee, and that it rests with those two as to whether or not Roosevelt will get a square deal in this State.

The Senator would not state the names of the two men he referred to but from his conversation it appeared that he referred to Gov. Hooper and Senator Sanders.

Senator Houk said: "I want to keep out of the papers. I have little to say for the press, and I would not prefer to say that."

"There are four plain propositions well known to Tennessee, and no amount of fuss or brush can conceal them."

"1. Tennessee Republicans are over

whelmingly for Roosevelt.

"2. The federal and State officeholders are in a conspiracy, and have been for weeks, not only to steal the district delegates, but also the delegates at-large, for Roosevelt.

"3. So far as the four delegates-at-large are concerned, the State Committee has it within its power in dealing with the many contesting delegations coming to the State convention to protect the people against being robbed of their rights.

"4. There are two men in Tennessee known to everybody, who absolutely control the State Committee which will make up the temporary roll of the State Convention on May 14. The people's eyes are on these two men.

There is no escape from the fact that these two men do control the State Committee. Whether the State is to be stolen from Roosevelt is up to these two men who have long dominated the State Committee and been operated as allies on Presidential and other questions for months. It is unnecessary to name them. If the State Committee commits the political outrage of unseating enough Roosevelt delegations from the counties to give Taft a majority of the State Convention, the two men referred to will be responsible for it, and the people should put the penalty on them. These same men not only control the present committee, but are working hand in hand to own the new State Committee.

"Tennessee Republicans have before watched the doings of political ostriches in both calms and storms.

"If Roosevelt is robbed the people will know who the real robbers are, and I say the wrath of the people will be visited upon the robbers.

"These are plain words, but why be a soft hypocrite about so serious a public matter?

"Roosevelt is entitled to the four delegates from the State-at-large, and why sit supinely by and permit them to be stolen from him?

"The double country delegations and packed county conventions make the anti-Roosevelt program clear.

"There are two men in Tennessee who can get justice for Roosevelt before the State Committee. The people know them."

Too Much for Him.

"Allow me," said the fresh young man in the Pullman dining car, as he passed the sugar bowl to a shy young girl; "sweets to the sweet, you know."

"Allow me," said the girl, as she handed him a plate of crackers; "crackers to the cracked, you know."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not That Kind of a Show.

"This world's a stage," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Mebbe so," replied Farmer Corn-tassel. "But it ain't any minstrel show. Business ain't arranged so that the middle man always gets the joke put on him while the men at both ends of the line do the laughing. Not yet."

WOMEN AND CHILDREN'S HATS

From 10c to \$4.

Come see Them.

M. A. ROADMAN.

"On the Corner"